Ran From A Grizzly

A Race Between Man and Bear Through Deep Snow.

It Was a Serious Question For a Time Whether the Hunter Would Get Away From His Pursuer.

While camping and hunting in the far north an adventurer who relates his experiences in the Washington Post had an exciting meeting with a grizzly. He says:

We had been climbing for four days from the lake to the barren lands at the Top, where the whole world seems

SOMETHING STIRRED IN THE THICKET.

flat but for the little swales in it, where the willows grow and the moose feed. It is a good country for meat, and it was our job to kill meat for a big mining outfit down below.

When we reached the Top it began to snow, so that we had to camp in the little bull pines on the very edge of the barrens, and that night eighteen inches of snow fell on the flat. I was inclined to grumble. I had come to hunt, but Rube, who was with me, just put the matter in a nutshell.

"We'll move camp down to those dead pines, cap. There's a little feed in the swamp for the horse. If you feel like hunting after we've made camp, we'll just stay and hunt. It's only four miles to the place I mean."

At the end of those four miles I did not feel like anything but lying still while he cooked. Between camps it had been one long struggle from drift to drift, constantly unpacking our wretched animal to get him on to his legs again, until at last, even with his pack off, he would not get up again.

Then we picked up our loads and carried them into the nearest sheltered hollow we could find, trod down the snow and covered it up with brush from the pines, cut a big stick or two, made a roaring fire, put up the fly and hung a moose head over the fire to roast. It was lucky that we had one. We went back to see if the horse had had enough rest in the snow.

We found him frozen stiff.

"Did you notice them bear tracks as we came through the willows?" said Rube.

"No," said I.

"Must be getting snow blind already, cap. They was big enough. I wonder how soon he'll find out the old horse? I guess I'll set that trap anyway. He's a big un by his tracks."

We spent two days in that camp, and we decided to pull out on the morning of the third. "Might as well go and see whether that b'ar has found it. Me," said Rube.

"Shall I come along?"

"'Tain't worth it unless you're dead keen to. There's mighty little chance of the b'ar."

So Rube disappeared among the pine trees alone. I cut wood for the night, and still Rube did not return. I was growing anxious, and the evening was growing dark, so I took my rifle and started toward the dead horse. I tripped and drove my rifle into the snow, choking the barrel of it. I left it against a tree to be called for on my way back. My eye fell on a fresh moose track and behind it a fresher track.

So that was what had happened to Rube. He had seen the fresh sign and gone in pursuit. I might as well go and pack the bear trap in, I thought, and strolled on to do so. As soon as my eyes fell upon the carcass I knew that it had been visited. It had been dragged a yard from the frozen bed, and a great lump had been ripped from its side.

Just then something stirred in the thicket of second growth behind the dead horse. Instinctively I took a step forward to see what it was and as I did so came right out into the open.

At once the young pines, close set and maybe six feet high, bent toward me as corn bends before the wind, a cloud of fine snow rose from them as if a shell had burst, and the black dumbness of the watching woods was shattered by a yell of rage so fiendish so malevolent, that, old hunter as I was, my blood froze at a sound I did not recognize.

The next moment the fiend himself was upon me. A grizzly dead looks a feeble, almost pig-like beast, but a grizzly mad with rage, with every hair on end, charging across a snow field at the edge of night, looks quite another matter.

I turned and ran and as I ran heard the bear's great snorts coming closer and closer as he plowed his way through the snow, dragging the trap and the young pine to which it was [illegible] had been a while ing stuck.

I never ran harder, and I never went slower, and to this day it seems to me as if I ran that night for an hour—waded, I mean—with heart bursting efforts through that accursed snow, which seemed to hold me more than it held the bear. If I had only had snowshoes on!

Just when I knew the drumming blood would burst my brain I caught a glimpse of our campfire through the thick bull pines on my left, and with the instinct of a beast that makes for its home to die I turned off the trail and staggered downhill. The boughs lashed me across the eyes, the logs tripped me, the snow stayed me, and then all at once I sank down, down to my armpits in a deep unseen drift.

Like a mad thing I struggled to get out, but it was in vain. One of my feet stuck fast. It had sunk between the forks of some buried brush and was held as in a vise.

One desperate effort I made. I would have torn my limb off if I could have done so, and then I shut my eyes, the strength went out of me, and I gave in.

I dared not turn around to meet my death, but I knew that it was upon me.

I heard the deep gasps of the beast behind me, the heavy flounder of him as he lurched down through the snow, the rattle and the crash of the little dry pines as his anchor log came battering through them, and as I writhed forward, face downward in the snow, a leaden weight struck me on the shoulder, a sharp pain thrilled all through me and something warm trickled slowly down my spine.

Yet another six inches I writhed away, and as I did so I could hear my clothes rending under those bone white claws.

As a wounded bird cowers before the gunner who next minute will take it up and wring its neck, so I cowered while that huge mailed hand struck and strained after my life.

Twice it just scraped my shoulder, and the second time I turned, and the hot, fetid breath of the beast struck me in the face and sickened me.

Dark as the gloom was under those somber pines, the vague mass which lay almost on the top of me was darker yet—a living, raging blackness which struggled and strained toward me. In the midst were two blazing eyes and a gnashing of long, white teeth, while ever and anon the thing

"LIE STILL THAR, CAP."

gathered itself together and hurled itself forward so that those curved white claws came always nearer and nearer their mark.

Then I understood, and the revulsion of feeling was so great that I swear I almost laughed.

The anchor log had jammed between two bull pines, and as long as they stood the bear was held fast as I was unless the log slipped. At that thought my blood froze again.

If the brute should tire and let the chain fall slack the log would loose its grip, and—

"Lie still thar, cap!"

Even the bear seemed to obey that calm, sharp order, turning its head with a wicked snarl toward the silent footed newcomer.

Then there was a long and awful pause, as if all nature waited, and I knew that it was snowing again, the great soft flakes drifting down through the black pines, while the little ivory head crept up and up until it rested steadily between the eyes that glared so close to mine.

For a moment my heart stood still. Then the master voice of the rifle spoke, the startled woods quaked and there fell a great silence.

An Innocent Gambler.

"Cheyenne was a wide open town in the old days, and every hotel and bar had its little faro game and roulette wheel and stud poker game," said a man who was there. "Our party was staying at the Inter Ocean hotel. A long, loose jointed Missourian ambled in one night and butted into the poker game. There were two or three card sharps at the table, and every citizen carried his shooting iron. This long Missourian looked rather easy, but before he had been playing an hour he was $1,500 to the good. John Chase, proprietor of the hotel, became interested and watched the game. In a few moments he saw the Missourian turn a trick that was not strictly according to Hoyle, and he called the Missourian outside.

"'Now, see here,' said Chase, 'I want to warn you. You'd better be pretty careful. Those fellows are all professional gamblers and are armed to the teeth. You don't seem to realize what you're doing.'

"'Say,' replied the long Missourian, with a look of childlike innocence, 'are they cheating me?'"—San Francisco Chronicle.

Prevention Better Than Cure.

In these days, when most medical men are on the still hunt for unfailing cures, specifics in one or other form, it is easy to lose sight of, at least to fail to give sufficient attention to, the matter of the cause or causes of disease and of the means of prevention as well as of the really scientific because so often simple measures calculated so to help nature as to enable her to successfully perform a cure.

We all remember how the profession ransacked the entire earth for some medicament that should "cure" scurvy. No better illustration of what good old Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes declared to be shameful to the profession could be given than the various "treatments" for scurvy till some thoughtful layman discovered the true cause of the disease to be lack of vegetable food. A rational supply of vegetables or fruit and fruit juices and a diminished ration of salt meat sufficed to render all the armies, navies and camp dwellers of the world "immune."—Health Culture.

Siberian Convicts.

Some interesting phases of Siberian life are described in Samuel Turner's book on that country. Of the exiles he writes: "When I told a Siberian friend that I carried a revolver as a protection against wolves I was promptly informed that I had much more reason to fear the human wolves I might encounter, and this, I found, was a general view of the case. About one-third of the criminal exiles escape all control. Armed with a stick, to which is attached a strong piece of cord or catgut, they will approach the unwary traveler from behind, throw the cord round his neck and quietly strangle him by twisting the stick, to rob him at their leisure of whatever he may possess or secure his passport in order to make their escape from the country."

A Siberian Wonder.

The scientists have for years been perplexed over the wonderful frozen well at Yakutsk, Siberia. As long ago as 1828 it was announced that the ground was frozen to an abnormal depth at the place referred to. In the summer of 1829 a Russian merchant set a gang of men to the task of ascertaining the depth of the frozen stratum. They gave up the job after digging some thirty feet in solidly frozen ground. The Russian Academy of Sciences took the matter in hand and between 1838 and 1844 dug to a depth of 382 feet and then abandoned the shaft because the earth was still frozen as hard as a rock. Natural cold could never penetrate to such a depth, and the phenomenon is still unexplained.

The Horse as a Jumper.

A horse can certainly jump higher than a man. There is at least one authentic case of a hunter clearing a seven foot paling, and a century or so ago a Mr. Bingham leaped his horse over the wall of Hyde park, which was six and one-half feet high on the inside and eight feet on the outside. The horse cleared this obstacle twice in rapid succession, and we are quite certain that no man who has ever lived could do it.—London Answers.

Coffee In Guatemala.

The laborers in the coffee plantations in Guatemala get only 3 to 20 cents (gold) a day. The capitalists get as profit 50 to 60 per cent of the market value. During harvesting time the coffee business gives employment to more than one-half of the population. A single coffee tree, under the most favorable conditions, has been known to yield twenty-five pounds of beans.

Work and Talk.

Generally speaking, it is true of women as of men that those who think most say least. Woman's talkativeness is the result of her sedentary occupation. Tailors, shoemakers and weavers—all men who sit close at their work—have, in common with women, not only hypochondriacal fancies, but also a tendency to great talkativeness.—Richter.

The Word Cigar.

The word cigar occurs in a German dictionary for the first time in 1813 and in the Dictionnaire of the French Academie in 1835. Kant used the word "zigaro" in 1798. In Spain at the present day the word "cigarro" means a cigarette, for which the Spaniards have the word "pitillos." Their name for a cigar is "un puro."

Therein Is the Difference.

A meddler is a person who fails in his attempt. The meddler who succeeds is no meddler, but a hero.—Duluth Herald.

A Hat Story.

A Birmingham (Ala.) man told a somewhat remarkable hat story the other day, vouching for its truth by saying that he was the wearer of one of the hats. He walked into the dining room of an Atlanta hotel one day, putting his beside the one other on the hatrack. When he left the dining room he found that his hat had been taken and the other one left in its place. There was nothing to do but take it and be content. He came north, and at a hotel the hat swapping performance was again repeated. Some one took from the dining room hatrack the one taken by the story teller from the Atlanta hotel.

A few days later the Atlanta man recognized at the same hotel the hat he had lost. He took it. He went south a few days later and stayed at the hotel he had occupied on his former visit. One day when he entered the dining room there was only one hat on the rack. He placed his own beside it. When he left the dining room and picked up the one hat left he found it was the one he had lost there the year before.—New York Tribune.

Hints About Screws.

Where screws are driven into soft wood and subjected to considerable strain they are very likely to work loose, and it is often difficult to make them hold. In such cases the use of glue is profitable. Make the glue thick. Immerse a stick about half the size of the screw and put it into the hole. Then put in the screw and drive it home as quickly as possible. When there is an article of furniture to be hastily repaired and no glue is at hand, bore a hole, insert the stick, fill the rest of the cavity with pulverized rosin, then heat the screw sufficiently to melt the rosin as it is driven in. Where screws are driven into wood for temporary purposes they can be more easily removed by dipping them in oil before inserting. When buying screws, notice that the heads are small and well cut, that there are no flaws in the body or thread part and that they have gimlet points. A screw of good make will drive as easily into oak as others into pine and will endure having twice the force brought against it.

Pushing the Old Folks Aside.

When the babies are cross and a man would like a quiet retreat there is none for him. But in a few years, when the children are grown and he is in the way, the daughters and mother put their heads together and originate a den. There is no den for the mother because she gracefully eliminates herself by sitting in the kitchen or running over to a neighbor's. It is her natural disposition to hide in a corner or remove herself entirely, and it is not the natural disposition of the father; hence the den. It has a couch and some pipes and tobacco and the books which the neighbors haven't got around to borrowing as yet, though if father begins a story today the book will be found to be loaned out when he wants to finish it tomorrow. The den is a fashionable way of pushing the old man out. If there is one in your house, Mr. Man, don't be deceived.—Atchison Globe.

A Two Edged Cure.

A story is told of the wonderful cure from deafness of a patient who was recommended to hear a Wagner opera and to sit near the orchestra by the trombones. The physician accompanied his patient and sat beside him. Suddenly, while the crash of the instruments was at its loudest, the deaf man found he could hear. "Doctor," he almost shrieked, "I can hear!" The doctor gave no sign that he noticed the remark. "I tell you, doctor," repeated the patient in ecstasy, "you have saved me! I have recovered my hearing." Still the physician was silent. He had become deaf himself.—Harper's Weekly.

Two Repulsive Pictures.

In the atelier of Adolph William Bouguereau, the great French painter, there hung two terrible pictures. One represented a man dying in the desert, with the frightful form of the angel of death descending upon him. The other depicted Dante and Virgil in hell watching one victim madly gnawing at the throat of another. The two pictures failed because of their horror. "If I had stuck to such subjects as those," the artist used to say, "I should have starved long ago." He found a market for the beautiful.

Painful.

"What does Bifkins remind you of?"

"I hate to tell."

"Because it's a reflection on Bifkins?"

"No; on me."

"I don't understand."

"Well, I'll explain. Every time I see Bifkins he reminds me of a little bill I've owed him for over a year."—London Tit-Bits.

Solitude and the Crowd.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion, it is easy in solitude to live after our own, but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

It Would.

"But why won't your husband let us look up the coat of arms of his family?"

"Paw sez a coat of arms would look funny fer a man that made his fortune in his shirt sleeves."—Houston Post.

Absolutely Effective.

Jack Younghusband—I'm only going down to the club, dear, so don't wait up for me if I'm late!

The Little Wife (sweetly)—No, darling. I'll come and fetch you!

The word "measles" formerly meant leprosy.